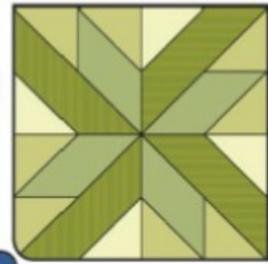


# SCRAP CHAT



February

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

## Sew New

### Latest Shop Updates

#### BEE Crazy Quilt Bee- First

##### Monday

Monday Feb 4, 10-2

Monday Mar 4, 10-2

Open Bee, come Sit, Stitch  
Snack and Socialize

#### Embroidery of the Month

(Second Tuesday and Third  
Saturday)

Tuesday Feb 12, 10-2

Saturday Feb 16, 10-2

Receive, Kit, Instructions,  
Design File

#### Block of Month (third Tuesday)

Tuesday Feb 19, 10-5:30

#### Quilts of Valor (third

Wednesday)

Wednesday Feb 20, 10-2

#### Hollow Star Quilt

Saturday Feb 23 10-4

(60 degree diamond)

#### Easy Peasy 3 yard Quilt

Tuesday Feb 26, 10-5:30

#### BEE Crazy Quilt Bee

Monday Mar 4, 10-2

#### Night of Mysteries

##### Murder mystery/mystery Quilt

Friday Mar 22, 5-11:30pm

Saturday Mar 23, 4-11pm

*Spaces are filling fast!!*

## Shellie's Stash



**G**rowing up I was the middle of 5 children. Sometimes I felt too young to hang with my older siblings and at the same time too old to hang with my younger ones. A "caught in the middle" aptly applied to me. I did a lot of things on my own. I really enjoyed times I could spend with my grandmamas. As kids we all got the chance to spend two days and one night at our grandparent's houses without siblings. It was one-on-one time that I cherished. I don't know what my brothers and sister did while they were there but I have very fond memories of what I did.

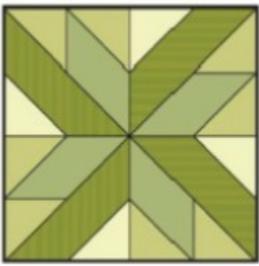
My paternal grandmother had some serious health issues and so when I stayed at her house, we didn't venture out far. Only occasionally would we walk (she never learned to drive) to the corner market for a few small groceries. Or we would walk to the end of the cul-de-sac she lived on and I'd play for a few minutes on the schoolyard playground.

What we mostly did was play cards. She would teach me over and over again how to play all kinds of card games. I couldn't seem to hold on to all the rules for each game between times that we would play, but she would patiently teach me again and again, then we would play for hours. After the breakfast dishes and morning chores were done, we would play cards until lunchtime. Most times we played while eating our sandwiches and then continued to play until my granddad came home and would take us out to dinner. (By the way I got to choose where we ate and I always picked "The Polynesian" restaurant. That is a story for another day).

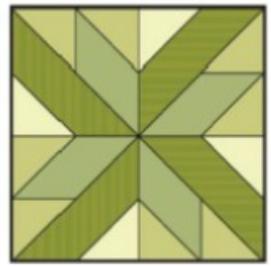
The thing is, I don't remember how to play most of the card games, the Polynesian restaurant has long since closed and even my grandparents have passed some 35 years ago, but I remember how I felt when I spent time with them and shared with them the things they enjoyed. Since then, whenever I play a card game with anyone it brings back a warm memory to my heart. And fills me with joy because I think of my grandmother and the times she spent with me.

We all have different things that we enjoy, for me it is quilting, and I hope that when my children and grandchildren wrap up in a quilt I've made for them, they will feel a warmth and love from me.

– Shellie Blake



# SCRAP CHAT



## Social Circle



Our Semi-Annual **Night of Mysteries** is scheduled for Friday March 22 or Saturday March 23.

Come join us for a super fun night of food, intrigue and quilting. It's all a Mystery!! We have a BLAST, sign up soon!



Our annual **Kids Summer Sewing Camps** are starting to schedule. Sign up as soon as possible.

Beginning sewing camp includes projects and a sewing machine!

Advanced kids camp requires that kids already know how to work their sewing machine.

Preferable have attended a beginning sewing camp.

**Advanced Kids Sewing Camp** June 3-7, 9am-1pm

**Beginning Kids Sewing Camp** June 24-28, 9am-1pm

## Snippets

Did you know, when hand quilting or hand finishing a binding, there are a few important things to remember?

**\*First**, use 100% cotton hand quilting thread. Hand quilting thread is thicker and stronger than regular cotton thread and has been treated with a wax so that it will hold all the layers together. (Do not use this in your machine, ever!)

**\*Second**, you should use some sort of addition conditioner on the thread such as thread heaven, thread magic or thread wax. This will help the thread to glide thru the fabric easier and tangle less.

**\*Third**, use short amounts of thread at a time. Yes it means re-threading more often but the eye of the needle can start to shred the thread if it is kept in one spot for very long and will then weaken the hold.

Use these tips and **Voilà!**, your hand work will be beautiful!

## Spotlight

## Customer Focus

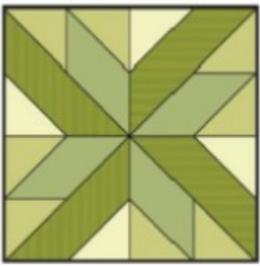
### Gwen Lenderman



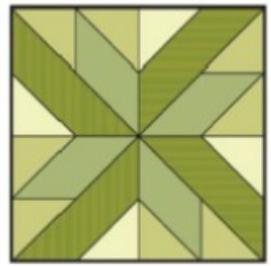
wen Lenderman was born in Kankakee, Illinois. (Where they make Kool-Aid). She is the 3<sup>rd</sup> of 6 children, with 2 older brothers, 2

younger brothers and a younger sister. Her family moved to Little Rock Air Force Base and she graduated from Sylvan Hills High School and attended UCA to get her BA of Nursing. Gwen met her hubby while on the UGA Rifle team. Gwen was #1 in the state for female shooters and lettered in marksmanship while in college. After graduation they married and moved to Alabama. She started working in Alabama as a nurse and commuted to Arkansas on the weekends to work at Memorial Hospital. She had her first child, a daughter, while living in

Alabama. After 3 years there they moved to Fort Eustis, VA where she worked for the Red Cross. They then moved to Oklahoma and she worked for the Indian Health Department and joined the Army as a nurse. Gwen and her family were then stationed in Germany where she worked for the German-American Red Cross and Landstuhl Hospital next to Ramstein Air Force Base. They lived in Germany for 3 years and while there she had her second child, a son. When they moved back to the States they lived in Dearborn, Michigan and she worked for the Methodist Hospital. After 2 years in Michigan she was reassigned to Methodist Hospital in Lubbock, Texas and 2 years later came back to Arkansas. Gwen was deployed to Germany for 1 year and served as an air-vac nurse in Landstuhl. When she returned to Arkansas she worked for the VA Hospital. She worked within the ICU for 17½ years and after 25 years at



# SCRAP CHAT



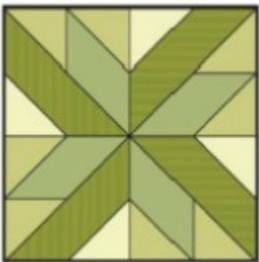
the VA she retired. Gwen retired from the military as an Army Major with 20 years active duty and 35 years of nursing in 2004 because she got sick with breast cancer and couldn't work. Ten years later she got a blood cancer. Her hubby retired so that he could drive her to her appointments and other places that she wants to go.

When Gwen was 6 years old she started sewing with her mom. She started quilting when she lived in Alabama and when she retired she joined La Petite smocking guild and makes infant smocks for 5 local hospitals. She loves to plant flowers, sew, smock and quilt. She is teaching her granddaughter to sew.

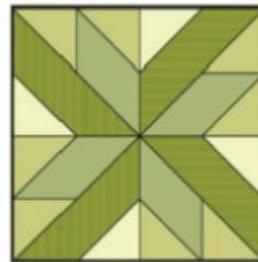
She has one grandson, 10, and a granddaughter 9 years old.

Gwen is amazing and an inspiration to be around. I hope you get the chance to get to know her.





# SCRAP CHAT



## Story Corner

### Artemas\*

#### Part 2 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

\*Inspired by music from Heather Young and Lex De Azevedo

#### June 21

“Dear Artemas. At the summer sock-hop I saw a boy that I had never seen before. I learned that he had just moved here from North Carolina and that his name is Charles. All of the girls were hoping that he would ask them to dance with him, but you know what? He asked me! We spent over half the dance together, can you believe it?”

“Sadie, my dear,” Artemas responded, “how much do you really know about this young man? You seem to be awfully interested awfully quickly. Maybe you should slow down a little.”

“Oh Artemas, you are such a worry-wart. I’ll get to know him over time. In fact, he asked me on a date tomorrow night. I’ll be able to get to know him just like you suggest!”

“Tomorrow night? Isn’t that kind of fast to move from the dance to a date?”

“Artemas, I’m eighteen. Some of my friends are already married. If I don’t get moving, I might end up an old maid. Then wouldn’t you get tired of me complaining to you?”

“I see your point. Just be careful.”

“I will.”

Charles seemed to be everything Sadie could have hoped for. He was sweet, kind, and thoughtful...not to

mention ruggedly handsome. Her friend Walter didn’t like Charles very much, and he told Sadie so, but Ruby and Agnes thought he was keen. In fact, they thought he was downright boss. Of course, for the two girls, it was hard for them to make judgements past his very good looks. But Walter thought Charles was putting on a little too much of an act, and he worried his friend Sadie might get hurt in the long run. He treasured the close friendship the two of them shared, and the last thing he would ever want to see was Sadie to be hurt by some newcomer.

#### August 2

“Dear Artemas, I can’t believe how lucky I am. Charles told me today that he loves me! I know things are moving quickly for us, but I’m just so sure he’s the one for me! You know Walter keeps worrying about me, and now Dad sat me down for one of our ‘interviews’ and told me he was a little concerned as well. Can’t they both see that Charles makes me happy?”

“Your dad is a wise man, Sadie,” Artemas said. “Shouldn’t you be listening to him more closely?”

“You too Artemas? Why is it that every man in my life is now questioning my judgement? Can’t you just be happy that I am happy?”

“Are you happy?”

“Of course. I just told you so.”

Sadie sat back on her bed, the Parker pen still in hand. Sometimes it was so aggravating that her imagination allowed Artemas to bring wisdom and good sense to the argument. Still, what did he know? He was just a diary.

#### September 21

“Dear Artemas, today as Charles and I were talking, the subject of marriage came up. He didn’t exactly ask me to marry him, but he was clearly thinking about it. I look at him and think that he is everything a girl could ever want in a husband....”

“But?” Artemas asked.

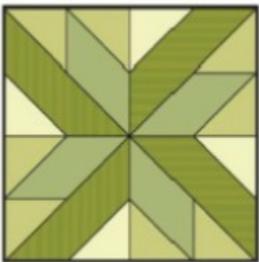
“How am I to be sure? I mean, he says all the right things and he does all the right things, but something inside of me still wants to hold back. Am I fearful of making commitments...of moving on with my life...or is there something I’m not sure about with Charles. I can’t tell.”

“Seems like your heart is trying to tell you something, my dear. What are you going to do?”

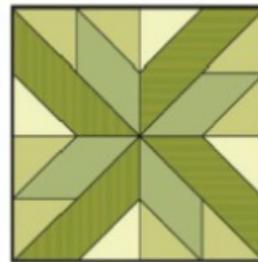
Sadie sighed. “Wait and see, I guess.”

#### January 14

“Dear Artemas, Walter got back in town yesterday. He came by to see me. I was so happy to see my dear friend again. The rebuilding work in Florida



# SCRAP CHAT



seems to have changed him quite a bit. When he left, he seemed like just my old high school pal...kind of a kid at heart. Now it seems his eyes are clearer, his direction in life more sure. He even looks different. His hair is sun-bleached from all of the outdoor work and he is more tan now than I have ever seen him. The only place he isn't tan are in the lines next to his eyes. Must be because he smiles a lot."

"And what did he say?" Artemas asked.

"Oh, he asked what I've been up to and how college was for me."

"Is that all?"

Sadie paused. She knew what Artemas wanted to know. "Yes, he asked about Charles. I know he's still worried about me. But I'm not going to get hurt! Charles and I are as solid as ever. In fact, Charles even mentioned that autumn was a nice time to get married."

"Did he propose, then?" Artemas wondered.

"Well...no, not exactly. But he will, I'm sure of it! We've been dancing around the subject for weeks. I think he's just shy about asking, that's all."

"Well if that's all, I'm sure it will all be just fine," Artemas responded. Sadie was not sure she believed him.

### **February 3**

"Dear Artemas, Today something very strange happened. I was

sitting in my history class at the community college, and the instructor was speaking when it began to sound to me as though he were speaking through a long tube. It sounded sort of like a muffled echo. By the time I was in my next class, the sensation had gone away. Walter was in that class and I told him about it. He strongly urged me to see a doctor, but I've never been one to hurry off to the doctor's office unless I felt I had one foot in the grave. Ha Ha. Anyway, it was good to talk to Walter. He's still a good friend. After he finished up his service in the hurricane clean-up down in Florida, he started school at the community college just as he had planned. He seems a lot more serious a student than he ever was in high school. It's fun to watch him grow up. On another note, I saw Charles this evening. We went over to Scotty's Drive-In for a shake. I told him about my little hearing episode, but he just wrote it off as too little sleep. He might be right about that. I've been hitting the books pretty hard lately and sleep has certainly been lower on my list of priorities."

### **February 5**

"Dear Artemas, The thing with my hearing happened again today, only this time it didn't go away. Now I'm worried."

"What are you going to do?" Artemas asked.

"I guess it's time to tell Mom and Dad. I thought I was suffering from exhaustion and that it would go away, but it's not."

"I think telling your mother and father is the right thing to do. You should do it right away. Right now."

Sadie nodded to herself. "Okay."

### **February 6**

"Dear Artemas, Well, I told Mom and Dad about my hearing. Mom set up an appointment right away with our family doctor. He took a look in my ears and ran a few hearing tests. The muffled echo sound is getting worse. I have to look people right in the fact when they talk to me now in order to catch what they're saying. Now I'm really scared of what is happening."

"What frightens you most?" Artemas questioned.

"It's strange how you take some things for granted," Sadie wrote. "Seeing with your eyes, hearing with your ears, feeling with your hands. If one of those suddenly goes away, you realize how valuable it was. I'm frightened of losing my hearing entirely. Even if my hearing stayed the way it is now, I'll never really enjoy music again or hear anything clearly. Oh Artemas, what shall I do?"

"Be brave, Sadie. Simply be brave for now."

**Read Part 3 in next month's newsletter.**

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